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Comic Tales.

COMIC TALES,

IN VERSE;

WRITTEN FOR THE AUTHORS' AMUSEMENT, AND PUBLISHED

FOR THE

Reader's Edification;

PRECEDED BY

A POETICAL PROTEST

54064 AGAINST

OBLIVIO SHELF, Esq.

BY TWO FRANKS.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. FEARMAN, NEW BOND STREET.

1820.

54064

To the Reader.

As there are occasional allusions in the following Tales to the presence of an Auditory, it may be requisite to apprize the Reader, that the major part of them were written for RECITATION, *which may serve, at the same time, as an apology for the looseness of the style, the object being to avoid an unpleasant monotony of sound.*

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COMIC TALES.

PROTEST.

KNOW all men, by these presents, We
Aspire to immortality,
And think this method far the fittest,
To give a taste of what our wit *est:*
On which we claim to be exempt
From sinking into vile contempt.
We have two coats that yawn for stitches,
With two indifferent pair of br—es;

We seldom eat, we seldom drink,
We gaze on many a straw-stuff'd chink;
We've ta'en a garret, *barely* proof
'Gainst rain or snow-drops at the roof;
Yea, you must toil a good score miles,
To find a roof so bare of tiles!
But, 'twou'd be Inspiration's slaughter,
To block out Heaven's own wind and water;
To think and breath in dusky twilight,
When we can have so much good *sky*-light!
To sit, when dinner time arrives,
With unemployed thoughts and knives;
When we can let in Mister Phœbus,
And feast upon a rhyme or rebus!
Or fancy, through the grinning rafters,
The sailing cloud- bright fairy wafters!

Thus qualified, in such a station,
We write with *loftiest* inspiration!
And surely none will dare refuse us
A reading, ere they 'gin t'abuse us:
Then thumb, and dogsear as you will,
So that you do but read us still;
Cut up, deface us, or dissect us,
But do not, do not, quite neglect us!
For that monopolizer, *Shelf*,
That stationary-dealing elf,
Who keeps for letter-press a *depôt*,
And causeth unread bards to weep O,
Is ever adding to his store,
And we shall be prick'd down "two more,"
Unless you keep us from his shelves,
By boldly reading us yourselves.

Oh! *Pater noster!* must we go
To sleep in *Paternoster Row?*
And there, like youth in prison caged,
In dirt grow prematurely aged!
Slumber with novel-writing Eves,
In cobweb gloom, with uncut leaves;
With lay and lyrical inditers,
And an *unheard of herd of* writers,
Who shudder at the name of garret,
And blush not e'en to sport a char'ot?
A char'ot! yea, perhaps in state
Sit at the tables of the great,
And, as they clean the dainty platter,
Chatter and eat, and eat and chatter!
Oh! dirt and poverty! forefend
That we should ever so descend!

That we should e'er despise our garret;
That we should ever sport a char'ot!
Farewell to genius—it would warp it,
To study on a Turkey carpet!
Farewell to genius—it would kill it,
To feast each day on leg or fillet!
Farewell to genius—it would choke it,
Close to a sea-coal fire to smoke it!
Farewell to genius—we must lose it,
Should Port or Sherry make us booze it!
Far hence be all such treacherous pleasures,
If they would thus cut up our measures.

Then read, and save us from that elf;
Protect us from that rascal, Shelf:
We here *Protest* against his right
To claim a line such bards indite;

Bards, whose poor garret is their glory!
Whose fictions grace the *highest* story!
At once so elegant, and attic,
So airy, and yet so aquatic!
And, for all injuries and crosses,
We warn him, that we hold the loss his!
London—no matter what the date is,
" In testimonium veritatis."

OLD FRANK,
YOUNG FRANK.

NOTT.

A TRUE TALE

A LIVELY tale, with spirit told,
Diffuses mirth to young and old;
Good humour gives it due applause,
And hearty laughter joins the cause;
Thus, seeing sprightly mirth prevail,
I catch the moment, and begin my tale.

In London—Neighbours, look at home,
I shall be very nigh to some.—
In London—Sir, don't knit your brow;
I've nothing personal, I vow;—

Nor you, good Madam, think I'll prattle
Scandal—tea-visit tittle-tattle;
All such mean stories I forbear,
Unfit to please a *lady's* ear.—
In London, where firm Vigilance unites
With Justice, to protect our rights,
Each Housekeeper, in turn, must be
A Constable, or pay a fee.
It happen'd, that one Mr. NOTT,
Who, neighbour-like, paid scot and lot,
Was chosen Constable, though the job
He did not like—much less to rob
His pocket of ten pounds—to pay
A substitute, the easier way
Of serving—that he truly thought
A lesson much too dearly bought:

So, though in such a case a novice,
He took upon himself the office.
NOTT, I should tell you, was a man
Not form'd on any niggard plan;
And though a *negative*, was not
Confin'd in principles, to spot,
Or party, nor in church nor state:
His mind was lib'ral, and his heart was great!
He lov'd the social board—the friend,
Whom he could trust and recommend;
Lov'd joking, and could find some fun in
That small sword wit, denoted Punning.
NOTT, now in office, did as he thought
Best—no angry fray or tumult sought;
For in such scenes of strife, there's double
Vexation, and much extra trouble.

So smoothly pass'd seven months, or more,
No *charge* oblig'd him shew his power,
Nor e'er requir'd him night or day,
To take a part in broil or fray.
But in this great Metropolis,
Some folks are prone to act amiss:
Coachmen and Carmen, Fishfags, too,
(To give fam'd Billingsgate its due)
Will oft annoy more quiet folk,
By kicking up a row in *joke;*
Which oftentimes in *earnest* ending,
Is certainly their time mispending.
Some *ladies* of this class, one day,
Along NOTT'S district took their way;
What made their *tender* bosoms swell
With bursting choler, I can't tell;

Whether the potency of gin
Caus'd the disturbance to begin,
Or short allowance made the fraction;
They suddenly prepar'd for action.

You've heard of flying fish!—they fly
'Twixt *air* and *water*—sea and sky:
Such was the motley mixture here,
Except, these flew 'twixt *earth* and *air*.
Away went sprawling flounders, dabs,
Oldwives, maids, thornbacks, skait, and crabs!
A passenger slap dash in's face,
Receiv'd—not *very sweet*—a *stinking* plaice!
He sputter'd, chaf'd, and storm'd aloud,
Amidst the gaping, grinning crowd,
Call'd for a Constable!—the lot
Fell upon worthy Mr. NOTT!

Quick goes the man, brim-full of ire—
" Sir, your assistance I require;
" I'm all bedaub'd, and much disgrac'd,
" By having stinking fish *misplac'd;*
" You are a constable."—" My friend,
" Such people will assistance lend;
" I'm NOTT—a constable."—Off goes
The man, vowing revenge for spatter'd clothes;
But found, by some odd chance or nick,
That NOTT had play'd a slipp'ry trick.
Next at Guildhall he makes complaint,
Sufficient to provoke a saint;
A summons gets for NOTT t'appear,
Before the magisterial chair,
Whose bounden duty 'twas to wait
Upon the Alderman that sat.

The appellant there his *charge* preferr'd,
And NOTT, in his *defence*, was heard:—
" An't please your Worship, I deny
" The charge in toto, and defy
" This man to prove, that when ill-used,
" To act in office I refused.
" He came, complained; 'tis true, I said,
" I'm NOTT—a constable—his head,
" Your Worship, lacking something *here*,
" 'Twixt fact and falsehood could not steer,
" So brings me up, and angry tries,
" To prove that I've been telling lies:
" Your Worship knows that what I say
" Is honest truth—as clear as day."—
The Magistrate, who saw the joke,
Thus gravely and thus wisely spoke:—

" That you are NOTT—a Constable, is clear,
" And such, in truth, you've made appear,—
" So Mr. NOTT must be enlarg'd,
" T'other with all expences charg'd."—
Though it cost *little*, NOTT's defence,
The *charge* cost t'other some *expence*.
Thus NOTT oft quibbles on his name,
And you must think him *not* to blame.

OLD FRANK.

ROGER HOGMAN AND HIS PIGS,

OR,

The Thief Detected.

A BEARISH TALE.

In a small hamlet, town, or village,
Which I can't say,
However, this I know, folks liv'd by tillage,
Or something in that way:
(Excuse my polish'd style)
I know as much about a plough
As clowns do how to make a bow,
Or courteously to smile:
Now that I think apology enough,
For all in this narration you would huff.

Well! to return to this little village,
Where the people liv'd by tillage,
As I said before;
In one house, one that had a door,
(That's what I have *not* said before)
There dwelt a man:
" Well! was he the only one—like Adam,
" Before he had a madam,
" And liv'd among the birds, and beasts, and fishes,
" And ate his dinner without plates or dishes?"
No—there were many more;
Somewhere between a dozen and a score:
The man I'd name was Hogman—christen'd Roger;
And Roger Hogman was a hearty codger;
What's more, he had a sow and litter;
He had a wife too, and that's better:
Her name was Nan.

The palace in which Roger Hogman's pigs
(Observe, by some 'twas call'd a stye)
Fed, squeak'd, and grunted, and play'd other rigs,
Stood in a yard close by.
Now Roger Hogman's pretty little grunters,
(Like many farmers' sheep,
Nay, sometimes geese, fowls, nags, or hunters,)
Walk'd strangely in their sleep:
Some would contend, that they
Were carried off, or stolen;
Others would say,
That they had slipp'd,
Tumbled or tripp'd,
Some yawning gully hole in.

Here, as in all affairs of doubt,
Conjectures flew in swarms about;

Yet, aiming at no certain mark,
Poor Roger still was in the dark:
He knew full well that they were gone;
But how?
"They've singly left me, one by one,
"Except the sow,
"And she is single now,"—
Said Roger Hogman, in a doleful tone,
Somewhere between a whisper and a groan.

While in this meditating mood,
With body slightly bent he stood,
One hand in pocket, t'other scratching
His head, as if he would be catching
His pigs again,
Poor simple swain,—

A bear, with monarch's stately stride,
Approach'd him by his master's side.
And now the pith and marrow of the story
I'll lay before ye:

First, you must know,
The keeper's name was Signior Bruno:
Well! Master Bruno, Bruin's master, said,
"I vanta for my bear von bed;
"As I vas come along, I spy,
"Dere, in your yard, von snug a-a pigstye;
"Vill you, to night, let Bruin sleep-a dere?
"Cause at de Crown,
"Vere I lay down,
"Dey have no bed to spare."

Roger was willing to accommodate,
Yet not a little puzzled how
To lodge his last-remaining sow:
'Twas best, he thought, at any rate
To put her in his own stone kitchen,
(Thinking to walk she had an itching)
And lend the stye to Signior Bruno;
'Twas but one night, and that would soon go.

Terms being arrang'd,
The sow's old residence was chang'd;
And soon the bear was in the stye,
Well chain'd,—though, by the bye,
His chain would let him walk about
As far as the sow could without.

Soon midnight came—but I'm no poet:
Lord! how some geniuses would go it,
If they had stumbled upon midnight there!
They'd have apostrophiz'd it quite thread-*bare:*
Well! midnight came, and with it came the poacher,
On Roger Hogman's farm a sly encroacher:
Softly he crept, lest he should wake bow-wow,
And lose the last-remaining fattest sow.
Eager to hold the prize within his arms,
For which he'd brav'd traps, guns, and dogs' alarms,
Without more preface he embrac'd the bear,
Who, most politely, gave him "neighbour's fare,"
And took good care
To keep him there:
The thief, not liking this rough salutation,
Strove to regain his former station;

But in vain;

For Bruin hugg'd and growl'd,

And he, poor devil, howl'd

With pain.

Roger, alarm'd at such a clatter,

Soon ran to learn what was the matter;—

" Here, Nan, make haste and bring a light,

" For here be some unlucky wight,

" As far as I can see, in awkard plight:"

When Nan appear'd,

The mist was clear'd:—

" So, neighbour Kill'em, it was *yow*

" As com'd to *bone* my *fleshy* sow?

" But, mun, I'll have ye tried, hang'd, and *dissected!*

" I'll bet wi' any man a groat,

" My pigs have all gone down your throat;

" And when you're *open'd*,—why you'll be *detected*."

YOUNG FRANK.

[The incident on which this Tale is founded took place at a village in Berkshire.]

THE MISTAKEN PRESCRIPTION.

A MEDICAL TALE.

MISTAKES are common all through life,
A man *Miss* takes—and she becomes his Wife;
In this perhaps they're both *mistaken*,
So never claim the Flitch of Bacon.
But *such mistakes* I'll let alone,
And now begin in serious tone.

An Officer in quarters lay
At Dublin—that, you'll say,
Is nothing very strange or sad:
True—but he was taken very bad,

And though there's nothing *new* in that,
Yet the *prescription* that he took to cure
His malady, I'm sure,
Was *new*, was wonderful, was strange,
And you may range
The *pharmacopeia* o'er and o'er,
You'll not find any thing that's pat,
Though you should all your life-time pore.
His case was fever, raging, burning,
He took to's bed,
With fiery eyes and aching head,
And toss'd as if on glowing cinders turning.
The Doctor came—('twas very needful,)
And he displayed his skill most heedful;
He wrote for pills and draughts, to drive
The devil out—dead or alive;

And as the gentleman might still be worse,
He order'd too,
(Quite right, you know)
A steady, careful, good old Nurse.
And quickly to the Patient came,
As recommended, the old Dame.
She curtsied, look'd him in the face,
Shook her grey locks, and much deplor'd his case!—
"Och! honey! you are very ill,
"But never mind,
"We soon shall find
"All your complaint,
"By the good Saint
"Patrick, and the Doctor's skill."—
After this wise remark, I need not say,
You must not wonder,

Should she commit a blunder
In the Irish way.
I prithee, Gents, make no objection;
I do not mean the least reflection.

You'll recollect this is a case quite serious,
The Patient lay in bed almost delirious,
The fever raging in his veins;
When soon arriv'd a draught to do him good,
And pills to quell the boiling of his blood,
And ease his grievous pains.
Nurse pour'd the draught into a cup,
And soon the sick man drank it up;
The box of pills with care she placed
Where various things the mantel graced,
Because two hours must pass away
To let the potion have fair play.

That time elaps'd, Nurse made all speed,
The Patient with the pills to feed;
She op'd the box and gave him *two*,
He gulp'd them down without ado;
Two more, and then *two* more must follow,
These rather stuck within his swallow;—
" Good Nurse, some drink."—He drank, and then
Boldly attack'd the pills again.
Two more went down, and then *two* more,
Which made the number *half a score*.—
" More drink—so many is provoking,
" My throat is full—I'm almost choking."—
" Arrah, my jewel, let me tell
" You, these will shortly make you well,
" Whether you will or not—be easy,
" And make a *dozen* up, an't please ye."—

Two more he took.—" I prithee say,
" Good Nurse, how many there remains?"—
" Two, four, five, seven, nine, ten, twelve—aye,
" By Shelah, good St. Patrick's cousin,
" The box contains
" Exact another *dozen!*"—
" A Dozen more!" the sick man cries,
(Trembling with fever and surprise)
" I thought Apothecaries vended
" By *retail,* till the Patient mended;
" But this! by Æsculapius good,
" By *all* that ever medicine understood,
" *This* sells his poison *wholesale!*"—
This boisterous gale
Of angry passion o'er,
She coax'd him to get down *two* more,
And thus at length he swallowed *twenty-four!*

Worn with fatigue some time he lay,
To pain and angry thoughts a prey;
But soon his agony increas'd,
For, lo! the *pills* lay undigested;
Hard at his stomach, there they rested,
And fill'd with dreadful pain his breast.
The doctor must be call'd;—he came,
Enquir'd each symptom—shrugg'd his shoulders,
He, apprehensive for his fame,
And, for the *Patient*, *one* or *two* beholders.—
"Did you administer the draught?"—"Och, yes."
"The pills?"—"'Tis they have caus'd all this,"
Exclaims the Officer,—"Did you suppose
"I was a horse, that you sent such a dose?—
"Damme! I've *four and twenty* bullets lying
"In my stomach, and I'm dying!"

" Bullets!" repeats the Doctor, with surprise,
" Sir, I'm a man of peace, and either pill
" I sent was meant to *cure*—not *kill:*
" Besides, I sent but *two*," he straight replies,—
" By heaven, I've swallow'd *twenty-four!*" the sick man cries.

A *squinting* servant of the house stood by,
And toward the shelf she *cast* an eye;
She op'd the Doctor's box, and there
The pills both snug and safe appear.
Another box upon the shelf remain'd
Empty.—" Why Nurse," she squalls,
And at the Doctor like a fury bawls,
" This box, now empty, once contain'd
" What the poor Gentleman has taken;
" Were he an Ostrich, or the Prince of Gluttons,
" You'd scarcely save his bacon,

" For by heaven!

" You have given

" Him *two dozen round Shirt Buttons!*"

OLD FRANK.

[This Tale, though perhaps, like the buttons, hard of digestion, is vouched for by a friend of the Author.]

DOCTOR LARRUP.

A LOFTY STORY.

"WHAT is a schoolmaster?"—Why, can't you tell?
A quizzical old man
Arm'd with a ratan;
Wears a huge wig,
And struts about;
Strives to look big,
With spectacles on snout,
And most important pout,
Who teaches little boys to read and spell.

Such my description is, of a man,
If not a clergyman—a layman.—
So much by way of definition,
And, to prevent dull disquisition,
We'll shortly take a new position.
A schoolmaster, (it mostly follows)
Who keeps a *school*, must have some *scholars*,
Unless indeed, (which said at once is)
Instead of *scholars* they're all *dunces;*
Or, if *this* fancy more should tickle,
Suppose them mix'd,—like Indian pickle.

One Doctor Larrup, as depicted here,
Who little boys had flogg'd for many a year,—
Not that they wouldn't learn their A B C,
Their *Hic, hæc, hoc,*—Syntax, or Prosody;

But that, despite
Of all his might,
And oft enforced rules of right,
They would contrive, by day or night,
To *steal*—oh! *flinty*-hearted *sparks*,
Worse than to little fish or sharks,—
(Alas! to tell it my Muse winces,)
To steal—his apples, pears, and quinces.
Put them where'er he would, alike their dooms,
His efforts prov'd as *fruitless* as his rooms.
As a pert dunghill cock, inflam'd with ire,
Erects his feathers and his comb of fire,
When of some grains, his own by right,
He's robb'd by foes that take to flight,—
So stood the Doctor:—

With face as red
As coral bed,
His wig cockt forward in his eye,
As if it there the cause would spy.
Had his wife been there,
I do declare
It would have shock'd her.

After long buffetting in mental storm,
His brain's thermometer fell from hot to warm:
At many plans by turns he grapples,
To save his quinces, pears, and apples:
When luckily, into his noddle
His recollection chanc'd to *toddle.*
This sage informant told poor Larrup,
If he'd convey his fruit so far up,

That, on his house's top there stood,
A room, well floor'd, I think with—wood.
'Twas what some folks a Loft would call;
The entrance through a trap-door small,
Fix'd in the cieling of his chamber,
To which he up a rope must clamber;
Unless a ladder was prepar'd,
And then the rope's-end might be spar'd;
But he'd a long, well-practis'd knack,
Of *sparing* neither *rope* nor *back*.
Ye who in proper titles glory,
Will think, I hope, as I have oft,
That, as this Story's of a Loft,
It should be call'd a "Lofty Story."
Well, Larrup, without more disputing,
Fix'd on this loft to put his fruit in,

And quickly had it thither mov'd,
How far securely, must be prov'd.
From one apartment, so erected
That (with the very trifling risk
Of dislocating neck or shoulder,
Which boys ne'er think of in a *frisk*,
Nay, oft it makes the urchins bolder)
Advent'rous spirits might contrive
To reach the Doctor's apple-hive.
In this room rested four or five
Of these young pilferers, undetected.
Whilst leaden sleep sat on the Doctor's *shutters*,*
These daring rogues explor'd the tiles and gutters

*[Note.] By shutters I would here imply,
The lids that shut light from the eye.

In search of trap or casement,—but alack!
They found not e'en a small, a gracious crack.
When one, 'gainst ev'ry disappointment proof,
Propos'd that they should just—untile the roof;
At least, sufficient space t'admit
A basket, in which one might sit;
And thus, by rope to handle tied,
Be lower'd down with gentle ride.
This being approv'd of, 'twas decided,
That, 'gainst next night, should be provided
A basket and a rope;
Which being in due time effected,
A super-cargo was selected,
Who, *rais'd* by Hope,
Was gradually *lower'd* through the hole,
From whence he sent up apples by the shoal.

This plan they often put in force,
(Not *oft'ner* than they *could*—of course,)
And when their pilfering job was ended,
The until'd roof they always mended.
The Doctor frequent visits made,
And soon perceiv'd his apples stray'd;
And oft upon the school-room floor,
Lay many a pear and apple core:
With grief he view'd these sad remains,
Of what, to keep, he took such pains.
Despair now made his heart its prey,—
When, entering the loft one day,
His ears had pretty ample proof,
The rogues were breaking through the roof.
He wisely then conceal'd himself,—
When lo! down come one little elf;

But he no sooner reach the ground did,
When at him, out the Doctor bounded,
And threaten'd, if he said a sentence,
He'd give him cause for years' repentance.
The boy stood mute as pewter pot,
While Larrup in the basket got,
When being seated snug and steady,
He made his pris'ner cry, " all's ready."
The boys above began to pull,—
" Bless me! the basket's very full."
" He's got a swinging lot this time,"—
" And I'll be bound he's pick'd the prime."
" To it again
" With might and main,
" Another haul will do the job,"—

"Yo! yo ho!

"Up we go!"

When lo! up popt the Doctor's nob!

How they all look'd I can't express,

So leave that part for you to guess;

But you, perhaps, may think it right

To know the end of Larrup's flight.

Well! when they'd drawn him to the top,

Where he, most likely, wish'd to stop,

The wicked rascals—let the Doctor drop!

YOUNG FRANK.

[I believe the gentleman is still living who suffered under this curious species o. "suspended animation."]

SOUND SLEEPING,

OR THE

Unexpected Journey.

A SURPRISING TALE.

" COACH! Coachee! put me in, and see
" You take all proper care of me."
" Gee up!"—" Damn your gee-ups, and stop,
" For I am feeble, and shall surely drop."—
" I think you've *dropp'd* too much to-day
" Already, so take care, this way."—
" Why how your coach turns round and round,
" It's topsy-turvy on the ground,

" And all the wheels are spinning so,

" Like Cockchaffers on wings they go."—

" Your head is like a whirligig,

" Take care, you'll lose your hat and wig;

" The step is down, now, Sir, get in,

" Mind you don't slip and break your shin;

" You're cursedly top-heavy."—" What!

" I'm sober as a judge, you sot!

" You talk to me of drinking,

" There's virtue in't—it aids the thinking,

" And it improves the sight,

" For all to me looks *double* by this light.

" There, I am safe, so shut the door,

" And mind you pother me no more;

" I'll take a nap, for sleep, they say,

" Relieves us from the toils of day."

The Coachman mounts, and off he goes,
And leaves his inmate to repose.

Sleep, placid Monarch! I'll to thee
Now pay a brief apostrophe.—
Thou salve to heal the wounds of care,
To soothe the workings of despair;
Thou opiate to the woe-worn mind,
Thou strengthening aid to human kind;
Thou—but I must from praising keep,
Or I shall send you all to sleep.

He slept and snor'd, and snor'd and slept,
The Coachman on his journey kept:
I should have told you, that the day
Had clos'd, and Evening's sober grey

Turn'd black as undertaker's pall,
With which he decks a funeral,
When coach he call'd, and coach replied,
And plac'd him snugly withinside;
No questions or replies took place,
  Further than hath been just recounted,
Each merely look'd to his own case,
  And by the one 'twas ta'en for granted,
  He understood what t'other wanted.
But right or wrong our Sleeper reck'd not, he
Possessed much more philosophy,
And his must be profoundly *deep*,
If there's *philosophy* in *sleep;*
For he slept on the whole night round,
O'er hill and dale, and level ground;

Town, village, milestone, all they past,
Fast as you please—he slept as *fast;*
Thus to the journey's end he goes,
Lull'd by the softness of repose.
Our *sleeping partner,* for such he
Must be deem'd undoubtedly,
When Coach he call'd, was going on
Towards his home, at Newington;
But in the Borough, being tir'd,
Thinking he saw a coach unhir'd,
He hail'd it, and away
He rode, nor thought to say,—
At such a number put me down,
Close by the Church at Newington.
Such *sober* thoughts from him had fled,
Or rather, drown'd in grog, were *dead.*

To Newington he went 'tis true,
And several other places too;
For the Coachman call'd, was bound
To Portsmouth, there
To deliver up his fare
Both safe and sound:
So the next morning about eight,
He pull'd up at the Crown Inn gate,
Where, if you please, a trip we'll take,
To see our *sleeping partner* wake.

A Waiter opens the coach door,
" Sir, you'll alight?"—He answers—*snore!*
The Coachman cries,—" Come, Sir, your fare,
" Tip, if you please, our journey's ended,
" A guinea and a half you'll spare."—

This rouz'd him.—"Eh? What's that you say?"—
"Why, Sir, you've got your fare to pay."—
"Aye, eighteen-pence, I know,—
"Here, take it, and I'll go."—
'You'll go! None of your rigs;
"All through the night,
"Till broad day light,
"While I drove *horses*, you drove *pigs*;
"And now you say,
"You've eighteen-pence to pay,—
"Damme! Old Master, though you're queer,
"Such *hogs* won't do for market here!"—
"Here! Where am I?"—While with surprise,
He now unbutton'd both his eyes,
"Why this is not my house."—"Yours! no,
"You're *come* to Portsmouth, where I *go*

" Each other day, Sir, to and fro."—

" Portsmouth! Portsmouth! why then I've gone

" From Newington,

" Just *seventy* miles beyond what I intended!

" So take me back,

" And, next time, when I want a hack,

" I'll look before,

" And take care *Portsmouth* is not on the door!"

OLD FRANK.

[To those who can sleep soundly while travelling, this may not be a "Surprising Tale," but to the relatives and friends of the person alluded to, the Author can assure his Reader, it was a very *alarming* circumstance, though now he hopes it will be only an *amusing* one.

CHERRY-BOUNCE.

A SPIRITED TALE.

Two ancient maidens,—'pon my word 'tis so *mun*,
(And much I grieve to say, they're not uncommon,)
With sisterly affection had resided
Together, ever since their parents die did:
And when their *cordial friends* had ceas'd condoling,
A *friendly cordial* they found consoling.
They were not satisfied with little drops,
Sprinkled, as brewers in their beer mix hops;

Oh no! they lov'd the bonny beams of bumpers,
As well as M. P.'s love the jolly plumpers,
That never split the difference when polling.—
Talking of that, I can't but think it droll,
That ere a *man* can be a *Mayor*,
(And that's a change I well could spare,)
He needs must *stand the head* upon the *poll*.
Is there no other way to *prop* ambition,
Than treating men like traitors for sedition?—
"But stop!" says Prudence, "turn your steed around,
"Lest you should chance to tread on dangerous ground."
For though I could defend this deviation
From my main subject of narration,
By saying, there's no scribe upon the road,
But owns the beauty of an episode,

Yet some folks view things with the oddest eye,—
That p'rhaps 'tis best
To let this rest,
And, for the terrible abuse,
To offer, as my sole excuse,
" My youth united with my modesty."—
That *plea* by others has been *pleaded*,
Where some have thought it wasn't needed.
But to resume once more my story,
Nor longer with by-thoughts to bore ye:—
The father of these damsels twain,
When living, often would maintain,
That, though his girls weren't blest with beauty,
He could well prove them full of *duty:*
They drank much wine, he oft averr'd,
But rum or brandy they preferr'd,

Which pay (without a word of thanking)
To Government a duty swanking.
Thus, though they were not *beautiful*,—
When fill'd with liquors, *duty paid*,
The queer old quiz has often said,
"Now a'n't my daughters *duty-full?*"
Some critics this may call a quibble;
But tremble, ere my verse ye nibble;
For if ye dare my rhymes to chisel,
Or on my efforts coldly drizzle,
Why, either you or I must *mizzle*.
The shop, with stock in trade, *et cætera*,
Which their father left,
When of life bereft,
He quitted *this* world for a *betterer;*

Having to them devolv'd,
With two apprentices, and so on,
They resolv'd,
That with these 'prentice lads about 'em,
The old establish'd trade might go on;
Indeed, they couldn't do without 'em,
For owing to a *daily dizziness,*
They were, *themselves,* unfit for business.
"Boys will be boys,"—and oft, (not always: *in parenthesis)*
Apprentices are boys, and boys apprentices.
Some boys love mischief, some love brandy;
They seldom run from either, when they're handy.
Thus much premis'd, and understood,
I here must state,

These maiden sisters,

(MAIDENS—because they had no Misters),

'Mongst other articles for home consumption,

Made a great

Stone bottle full (I'm told 'twas good)

Of what, they said, to name, was *round presumption.*

And *round presumption* 'twas, if I have brains an ounce,

And why so?—Why, because 'twas *cherry-bounce.*

This was a riddle which they thought it proper

Their friends should solve, before they drew the stopper.

(Stopper, or cork, or bung, 'tis all the same:

I dare say we sha'n't quarrel for a name.)

One bottle they had made, of prime,

'Twas meant to aid their own devotions;
And many were the soft emotions
They felt before the tapping time.
Alas! that such hopes e'er should cross'd be!
That such bright prospects e'er should lost be!
But they were tho',
How, I'll let you know.—
Dick, the apprentice, found the bottle,
And pour'd some down his precious throttle;
And Jack, the apprentice, found the bottle,
And pour'd some down *his* precious throttle:
And, every day they took a sup,
And, every day they fill'd it up:
Whiter, and *whiter*, every day 'twas getting,
Like *bleaching* linen, caus'd by frequent *wetting:*

Paler, and *paler*, every day 'twas growing,—
A certain sign its *spirit* was a-going.
"What's to be done, Jack? can't you throw a hint in?"
"No,—if I can, Dick, hang me squinting!"
"Why, Jack, the bottle needn't be much fuller,
"But something we must put to change the colour."
"Oh, throw some Spanish liquorice and jalap in,
"And that will set the old ones galloping."
This was agreed to,
And they did the deed too.
They put the mixture in, then shook it well,
Much 'twas improv'd in hue, tho' not in smell.—
Says Sukey, some time after,—"Let me think,—
"That Cherry-bounce must now be fit to drink."
They tapt it—Sukey tasted,—"Why, dear, dear,
"You try it, Betsey,—it tastes very queer;

" Oh, you don't try it fairly, take a good hearty sup:
" Hum—ha—the cherries must have suck'd the
spirit up;
" Or else our mouths, to day, are out of taste,
" For this jar should
" Be very good,
" Considering the ingredients therein plac'd:
" However, let it stand to-night,
" To-morrow morn again we'll try't."
The morning came;—" Wilt have a glass?" says
Sukey,
" There stands the bottle, sister Betsey, look ye."—
" Sukey, don't mention it, you make me cross,—
" I vow tis physic, fit to drench a horse.—
" I find 'tis not fit beverage for ladies,
" Yet, as it made is,

" And Dick and Jack have look'd but poorly lately,
" 'Twou'd, to restore their shatter'd health, tend
" greatly;
" And since we can't, for our own drinking, use it,
" I dare say Dick and Jack will not refuse it."

YOUNG FRANK.

[For the truth of this Story "my Father can specify."]

THE TRAVELLER,

OR

Trifling Mistake.

AN INN TALE

An Irish Traveller went to an Inn—
That is you know, for every station,
A temporary habitation,
Where each may fret and strut his hour
On life's brief stage,
And prove his consequence, and shew his power.

An Inn is life's epitome,
And a wise saw to borrow,
Which shews of life the brevity—
We *come* to-day—and *go* to-morrow.

But cease this moralizing strain,
And we'll resume our tale again.—
Our traveller safe, thus we begin,
His first best thought was to engage,
A lodging for the night;
Th'enquiry made—the quick reply
Was, that he might,
If he would *lie*
In *half* a bed;
This puzzled Paddy's head!
Because, thinks he, if crossways cut,
The *length* is much too *short;*
And if slit down the middle, tut!
Why then the *width's* too *narrow;*
So it were best he thought
To know at once,
Rather than pother his poor sconce,

The *truth* about this *lying* mode,
Before he took his new abode.
This point explain'd, each drowsy guest
Betook himself to needful rest;
And in due time the chambermaid,
Of mortal man no whit afraid,
Went for the candle—and quick returning,
Brought the candle burning:
But had you seen her laughing fits,
You'd ha' thought the girl had lost her wits!
As soon as she could speak she vow'd,
Thunder was never half so loud!
Nay, were there hogs a score in
The room, each lying with nine farrow,
They could not match the sleeper's snoring!

Perhaps you doubt the girl's veracity,
Because she's in a *low* capacity;
But *higher* folk than she can tell,
That truth lies hidden in a well,
And though they make a search profound,
It is not *always* to be found.
Besides, some others heard the *strain*,
And thought the sleepers were in pain;
One said, perhaps they'd got the gripes,
Others, they played the *Union pipes!*
However, on they slept till morning,
When light was nature's face adorning.

In Inns they do not measure guests
By Beds—but Bills;
And who most property invests
In mine Host's funds, generally fills,

Or lays his head
In the best room—on the best bed.
Well, be it so, we'll not mind that,—
Somnus retir'd—and up woke Pat:
His chum, a tall descendant from the north,
High as his native highlands, lay,
And soundly slept, and loudly snor'd away;
While slyly peeping forth,
As Pat awoke,
He saw two feet from out the bed-clothes poke;
Thinking they were his own poor pettitoes,
He jumps from bed, and covers them with clothes:
Returns to bed—the covering pulls amain,
When soon he spies the peeping feet again,—
Out quick he springs, the covering pulls once more,
When Sawney waking, with a scrub and roar,

Cries, "Hoot! hoot! loon,
"Why dinna ye be quiet,
"And let my feet alone?"
Pat quick replies,
In great surprise,
"Faith, honey! make no riot,
"Devil take your feet, I thought they were my
"own!"

OLD FRANK.

[We are all liable to blunders, and in the present instance it is hoped that the heart will be an excuse for the head.]

SALLY RODGERS,

on,

A Tale of a Recruit.

A CLOWN's a clown, and clowns are mostly clownish:
Clowns on the stage are white, and red, and black;
But he of whom my tale shall smack,
Was brownish:
A country clown,
Of ruddy brown,
Who ne'er had sniff'd the vicious air of town.

This is an awkwardish beginning, I'll admit;
But one more polish'd would not be more fit:
And he that tells you differently *hums ye;*
For surely, when you're speaking of a *clown,*
'Tis fit that the beginning should be *clumsy:*
Why then should I attempt to talk hard,
When I thus prove I *properly* am *awk'ard:*
Yet some may give my vanity a rap,
By calling me a proper awkward chap.

I don't know how it is, but at those times,
When I would be pathetic in my rhymes,
Instead of causing tears and whimpers,
I only draw forth smiles and simpers,
Which drives my slender confidence so much in,
I seldom *touch* on any thing that's *touching,*—

Thus am I driven, by your smiling faces,
To leave off making tragical grimaces.

London is fam'd for riches, rogues, and dinners,
Brim-full of loyalty, love, lamps, and sinners;
Of streets, lanes, courts, strange sights, and alleys,
Of prime young *bloods*,
And noble buds,
Famous for breaking lamps, and such *wild sallies:*
Yet, though the *Country's* not so much revil'd,—
The Country still can boast its *Sallys wild;*—
Its gay *Lothario's* with scythe or sickle,
For e'en in a smock-frock—man still is fickle:
Yet though they've gay *Lothario's* with a flail,
They've dairymaid *Calista's*, quite as frail.

Scandal is somewhat like a Congreve's rocket,
Defying the best cricketer to *block it;*
And when it bursts and spreads its venom round,
The good and bad may both receive a wound.

Scandal is said the *Country* best to thrive in,
Deep into ev'ry body's secrets diving,—
And now I'll let you know at what I'm *driving:*
One *Sally Rodgers,—Roger's* fav'rite *Sally,*
Had some time kept the clod-pole *dilly-dally,*
And oft coquetted with his rival swains,
Vowing she'd ne'er be bound in wedlock's chains:
When suddenly she chang'd this silly whim,
Roger ceas'd seeking *her*—but *she* sought *him:*
This appear'd very strange,
But *scandal* soon accounted for the change.

Sally now flaunted in much smarter clothes,
And some folks said, "So Roger's money goes!"
And now he swore if she sought him, he'd *lick her*,
And Sally's troubles ev'ry day grew *thicker:*
Time flew:—and soon each village lass could tell,
"I've just met Sally Rodgers,—what a *swell!*"
"I met her walking up to the church door:"—
"'Tis pity but she'd walk'd *that way* before."
Thus Sally's *round* of troubles gave a handle,
To many other friendly bits of scandal.

What can the maiden do, who *trustes*
In man's false vows of constancy,
If all his vows are "all my eye?"—
What can the maiden do, who *trustes*
In man's false promises to marry,
If all his promises miscarry?

What can she do, I say?

Why Sally took the surest way;—
She got a warrant from the Justice!
And shewing *Clump*, the constable, the road
To Roger's master's snug abode,
She thought she'd better stay behind;
As *Justice*, she had heard, was *blind*,—
And thus she hop'd she might elude
The sneer of many a village prude.

Clump knew young Roger well, by sight,
And doubted not the rogue would fight;
So wisely ask'd the joint assistance
Of two or three he met in going,
(To whom his Worship's warrant shewing,)
They join'd him to prevent resistance.

They soon found Roger at the plough,
To whom Clump made a *graceless* bow,
Produc'd his warrant, then his *staff*,
(The most persuasive part by half,)
When Roger, finding he *must toddle*,
Trudg'd on, and scratch'd his curly *noddle*,
Musing upon his awkward scrape,
And planning how he might escape.

Arriv'd;—his Worship heard the statement
Of Sally,—then the clown's abatement,—
Then, after rubbing up his wig,
Plumping his cheeks, and looking big,
He said, and knit his angry brows,
" Sirrah! you curly headed rascal there!
" You with the senseless vacant stare!

" How dar'd you Sally to *enlarge*,
" Without a parson's due discharge?
" I know she us'd to be much thinner,—
" For shame! to make so *big* a sinner!
" You—you—must make the girl your spouse,
" I think she long enough hath tarried:
" So Clump, go see them quickly married."

Clump straightway hurried to the parson,
And begg'd him the fond pair to fasten.
The parson took his clerk and book too,
Likewise his spectacles to look through,—
And finding all the parties ready,
Began to read on clear and steady;
And unmolested had proceeded,
Until this part his Rev'rence read did:—

" Will you this woman have for life,

" To be your lawful wedded wife?"

Then Roger *humm'd,* and scratch'd his head,

And to the worthy Pastor said,

" As 'tis but right, with all due deference,

" To give one's friends, you know, the preference,

" Just for your Rev'rence's digestion

" I'll put a plain and civil question,

" And that is,— *Wool yow have her?*"

" No, I have one already, Sir."—

Then turning to the clerk,—" *Yow wool I trust?*"

" No, if I do may I be curst."

" *Yow wunt?*—then I suppose I *must!*

" But if I must be match'd wi' Sal,

" Dang me if I doant match the girl!"

The Parson soon the job completed,

Receiv'd his fee, and then retreated;

But ere the pair the church-yard quitted,
Roger on an expedient hit did:
He spied a young recruiting Sergeant,
With drum and fife, and ribbons streaming,
And (knowing that his case was urgent)
Though Clump and Sally both resisted,—
He heeded not his deary's screaming,
But ran away, and got enlisted.
Thus, though they made him marry with her;
They could'nt make him tarry with her.

YOUNG FRANK.

[To a misfortune similar to Roger's, the Army is indebted for more Recruits than one.]

THE VERDICT,

OR,

Who Suffers?

A LAW TALE.

MOST people love a joke—admitted,
But jokers sometimes are outwitted:
This truth to prove, I'll lay before ye
What some folks call a pleasant story.

A farmer's loaded waggon going
Down a by-lane where grass was growing,
And where the banks on either side,
Were higher than the lane was wide,

Met with a cow perchance had stray'd
From out some neighbouring field or mead.—
Excuse me here a small digression,
'Twill make, I think, more strong th' impression.—
This cow you find was discontent,
Nor lik'd the pasture where she went;
So left her sister cows to stray,
And thus got in the waggon's way.
To age and youth it is a lesson,
Which I thought proper to digress on,
To shew that discontented folk
Their sad disasters oft provoke.—
We'll re-commence our story now,
About the waggon and the cow.
The cow endeavour'd much to shun
The waggon, and some distance run,

She could not pass on either side,
The lane was narrow—the waggon wide,
So by some sudden crank or other,
Which put her senses in a pother,
She needs must leave the beaten track
To climb the bank:—down on her back
The poor cow tumbled—o'er her head
The waggon went—and she lay dead.—
Whether 'twas fear or what vagary,
Caus'd her from reason so to vary,
I cannot tell,—but fear I know,
Lays reason, aye, and courage low.

The driver soon his master met,
The story put him in a pet;

He own'd both waggon and poor Colley,—
Was vex'd a little at her folly,
But could not help the matter now,
He'd lost, 'twas true, a good milch cow.
Well then, what best was to be done?
Turn the disaster into fun;
For he was rich, and lov'd a joke,
And oft play'd pranks with other folk.

A dismal tale was soon made out,
Loud rumour spread it round about;
'Twas, that his waggon going on,
O'er a poor passenger had run,
And that the corpse in mangled state,
Must for a Jury's verdict wait.

As in such cases is most common,
The Coroner must a jury summon;
The summons to the neighbours sent,
All griev'd for the sad accident,
And at th' appointed time they came,
To answer to each several name;
'Twas at the farmer's house to meet;
He set them out a handsome treat.
This done,—now be it known to all
His Majesty's subjects, great and small,
That country folk enjoy good eating,
Nor care for Grenville's Act of Treating,
Except 'tis in Election contest,
And then the Candidate gets on best,
Who *gammons* without meat or drink
The votes, by *gammoning* with *chink*;

Well, be it so,—who sells and buys,
Gives lies for truth—and truth for lies.

The solemn Jurors all were met,
Each had partook sufficient *whet;*
Next evidence must be gone through,
Touching the matter where and how.
The farmer, who his man had taught,
Him as the only witness brought;
The fact in doleful stile he stated,
As in our tale has been related;
Therefore 'twas brought home to conviction—
The *dead* could make no contradiction.
So next the body they must see,
'Twas not remov'd, for that would be

Against 'Quest law;' thus on they went,
To where the dreadful accident
Had happen'd,—because you know 'tis fit,
The Inquest on a body *sit*,
As thus they can decide more fitting
The proper course of law—while sitting.

I should have said, 'twas early spring,
The little birds scarce deign'd to sing,—
The floods were out—the fields were boggy,
And all the atmosphere was foggy.
But on they trudg'd o'er ditch and stile,
Through swampy fields for half a mile,
To where, hard by a meadow gate,
The body lay—but not in state.

Some growl'd, and said it was not fit
Upon a dirty corpse to sit
In cold damp weather;—it may be so;
Crown law's imperative, you know.
But when the body came in view,
All stood aghast! not knowing how
To give a verdict on a cow.
Some angry look'd—one downright swore
The cow was nothing but a *bore*,
And had he known as much as now,
The Devil might sit upon the cow
For him!—The farmer laugh'd, his man
Titter'd—like ladies through a fan,—
Enjoying all most heartily,
Yet fearful any one should see.

The Coroner next propos'd, that they
Should to the farm make good their way;
So back through mire and brier they tramp'd,
Some sour—some sulky—*all* beswamp'd.
The farmer's house was like his heart,
Open to all in every part;
He lov'd—he'd *had* his joke, and they
Now all their troubles might repay;
Good living grac'd the ample board,
" Make free, you're welcome," was the word.
At length the Coroner said, " We must
" A verdict give,—and I should trust,
" That every Juror will agree
" That I am right, and say with me,
" *Manslaughter* must the verdict be."

"*Manslaughter!* certainly," all said,
And thus the verdict was agreed.
The Statutes have the case at large,
The consultation and the charge;
And it may easily be seen
In folio eighteen hundred nineteen.

OLD FRANK.

THE PLUMPER.

A TALE FOR THE HUSTINGS.

WHEN int'rest comes across mankind,
What strange expedients they resort to!
Honour soon sleeps, Dame Truth goes blind,
And Virtue oft is tripping caught too:
Yet, sometimes, when a joke is good,
The list'ner will o'erlook these losses,—
For who would spoil the varnish'd wood,
To see what underneath the gloss is?

If a man hath a lumbering load
When he is just in Fortune's rear,
And sweating in his swift career;
And if this heavy lumber stops it,
You cannot blame him, on the road,
If he conveniently drops it!
And *honesty*, when men want money,
Is oftentimes the *load* just shot at,
Which load, once dropt, the means are funny,
By which much sudden wealth is got at.
It hath been known at some Elections,
When scrutiny hath wrought detections,
That bribery hath caus'd mankind
To drop their honesty behind;
And wide and numerous are the tribes
That scruple not to pocket bribes;

When, should Sir Conscience kick and nibble,
They satisfy him with a quibble.

In *Ireland* (for bulls and bards long fam'd,)
When Mother Church had us'd the Pope so so,
And would no longer slubber his great toe,
Refusing ev'ry thing he vainly claim'd,
And all things through the nation ran the crossway,
From Cork's fair harbour to the Giant's Causeway;
Or, if you like it better, from fair Dublin,
To where the Ocean in the west is bubbling:
'Till priests and churchmen would each other strangle,
But for the fear that they should dangle!—
When *Protestants* had gain'd the upper hand,
And mix'd up laws, like physic, for the land;
They made one dose with the avow'd intent
To cleanse from *Popery* the *Parliament;*

By which *no Catholic* (if I remember)
Dared vote for any would-be member,
Nor *Protestant* of purest life,
If he a *Papist* took to wife.

A general Election at this time
Call'd forth the whims and humours of the crowd;
Made the proud humble, and the humble proud;
While the dread potent pow'rs of prose and rhyme
Prais'd all their virtues, or their faults betray'd,—
Just as they happen'd to be *paid!*
One of the prating patriots of the land,
Bowing and cringing, smiling, hat in hand,
Call'd on poor Rooney,—" Sir, I beg your voice;
" Elect me as the member of your choice;"
" Fait! that I would, your honour, but my vote,
" To tell no lie, is scarcely worth a groat;

" *Becase* my *wife's* a *Catholic,* poor soul!
" And so, your honour, they won't let me poll:
" Not but it's plaguy hard to check my choice,
" *Becase* I chance to have but *half* a voice."—
" Never you mind, but boldly come and poll,
" And *this,* perhaps, will make your voice *whole.*"
At which a purse, by accident, *might* slide
To hand of poverty, from hand of pride;
I do not say such really *was* the case,
Though something like a smile grac'd Rooney's face:
And Rooney whistled, and look'd sly,
Whistled again—and wink'd his eye.
" Aye, that it will, your honour, it will quiet
" My Judy's voice, should she make a riot;
" This brings us all upon a decent level;
" 'Twill almost make an angel of the devil."—

" Then I'll expect to see you, Rooney."—
" To a dead certainty, my honey!
" In just an hour, or I tell a thumper,
" I'll come and treat you with a *plumper*."

Having obtain'd what he requir'd,
The smiling candidate retir'd;
But Rooney stood and humm'd some time,
(As I do when I want a rhyme)
Then started, and then smil'd, 'od rot it!
(As I do when I think I've got it!)
" Here, Judy, lambkin, step this way;
" You know *Saint Mary's Church*, my love?"—
" Och! that I do, this many a day!"—
" That *church* has got a *yard*, my dear;"—
" Troth! that I've known this many a year!"—
" Then, Judy, just your love to prove,

" Stand for an hour in that *churchyard,*

" And don't you *spake a single word;*

" Nor heed what passing folks may say,

" But let me this time have my way."—

" I'll do *dat ting,* joy! by the pow'rs!

" To *plase* you, I'd stand there *two* hours!"—

" Then go, my life, my love, my Judy!

" And don't let any one be rude t'ye!"

Away she scamper'd, to fulfil,

With joy, her darling Rooney's will;

While he put on his Sunday's coat,

Then started off to give his vote.

Arriv'd; the clerk address'd him thus—

" Why, Rooney! what brings you this way?

" Och! botheration, here's a fuss!

" Your wife's a *Catholic,* they say!

" You are a *Protestant*, I know,

" But that, my honey! won't *quite* do,

" So I can't suffer you to poll."

" Pooh! I've a reason, cousin Casey,

" To find a better you must search hard,

" So, honey, make yourself quite *asy*,

" My *wife's among the dead*, poor soul!

" And *quiet* in *Saint Mary's Church-yard!*"

YOUNG FRANK.

[Were I to assert that the foregoing Tale has its foundation in truth, I apprehend the assertion would be christened after it—a *Plumper*.]

THE MINCED PIE,

OR

Christmas Jokes.

A WINTER'S TALE.

Excuse my mode of application,
'Tis meant by way of illustration.—
Each season, all must know, produces
A something suited to our uses;
Thus Winter, though both cold and dreary,
Has comfortable things to cheer ye;
The clear Newcastle Bowpot smiles,
Brightens the scene, the time beguiles;

For then the Sun, you know, retires,
To trim his lamp and light his fires;
So, though we cannot warm the air,
A fire, a friend, and elbow chair,
Make up for his lost rays,
For longer nights and shorter days.

Then in high season is the fam'd *Sirloin*,
The *Alderman in Chains*—the smoking *Chine*,
And Oh! "though last, not least in love,"
As I could prove,
Were one now standing by,
Then comes that Christmas fare—a nice *Minced Pie!*
Minced Pie! the honour'd title of my tale!—
Ladies and Gentlemen, I'll now avail

Myself, and lay before ye
The pleasant sequel of my story.
'Twas at a feast—a City feast,
Where good cheer welcom'd every guest.—

That blabbing, sneering jade, *Report*,
On City feasting oft makes sport,
And tells in Westminster those lies,
Which in the Poultry she denies;
But this is solemn truth she *swears*,—
I beg her pardon—she *declares*;
No swearing ladies are among
This fair, this amiable throng.

With various cates the table smil'd,
Some roasted brown, some nicely boil'd,

And opposite each other sat
The smiling guests, and *smok'd*
The *smoking* viands; aye, and jok'd,
I won't say wittily, as that,
However *true*, might be
A *libel* deem'd, and subject me
To close confinement, aye, and penalty.
But this I dare assert, and will,
They pleas'd themselves, and ate their fill!

Seldom in feasting does it follow,
(While they are *tucking in the hollow*,
As poultry is denominated,
And people become elevated,)
That homes and wives are thought about,

For they have then before 'em,
Such things set out in due decorum,
As put those subjects out.
But here, with much delight, I can
Expatiate on one *good man*,
Who kindly thoughtful for his wife,
And judging she would like to taste,
Some of the savory repast,
Took (when the pastry came upon the board,
And with pies, tarts, and tartlets, it was stor'd,)
And in his pocket popt, so snug and sly,
A most delectable *Minced Pie!*
Ladies, wasn't he a kind, good soul?
For though undoubtedly he *stole*
The Pie, the theft was done,
To please the loving one,

His duck, the darling of his life!—
Oh, what a husband sure was he,
I think you'll every one agree,
And much regret that 'tis so rare,
The absent spouse receives such care!

Now wine and punch the table graced,
Pipes and tobacco, too, were placed,
Such hearty cheer their mirth provoking,
Each neighbour was the other *smoking;*
And one who chanc'd to sit close by,
Had *smok'd* his neighbour take the Pie,
So fudg'd a tale, that he,
When once in company,
Had seen the fact which I've just stated,
And with such eloquence related.

Could I describe what t'other felt,
As he the made-up story told,
And how the hearers titter'd, young and old,
'Twould make your hearts with pity melt.
He blush'd, he smil'd, and blush'd again—
Then conscience twing'd and gave him pain—
He wish'd to move—the fidgets came.
His friend, too good a judge of *game*,
Still kept the *game* alive, by joking
On the *Minced Pie* he thus was *smoking*.
At length he placed his hand (intent
To shew the other what he meant),
Plump on the pocket, where incog,
The Pie lay quiet as a log;
And thus addressing him, says, "Now,
"How I expos'd the theft I'll shew!

" My hand thus placed, I squeez'd and squeez'd,
" Till through and through the flap was greas'd."—
" But, Sir, you squeeze so hard! O dear!
" My snuff-box will be broke, I fear!"—
" Your snuff-box, Sir! don't tell a lie!
" Here, neighbours, is the lost *Minced Pie!*

OLD FRANK.

[The above Tale may appear a plagiarism upon Joe Miller, but the Reader may be assured that the joke and the parties are within the Author's knowledge.]

NUTMEGS AND ALLSPICE.

A TALE OF THINGS RETAIL.

Poets in past, as well as present days,
Have all essay'd to render *sweet* their lays;
With, "oh, sweet" this, "sweet" that, and "sweet" the other,
Cupid is sweet—and so is Cupid's mother;
Like doctors, who, when physicing the town,
Infuse some sweets, to make the dose go down:
Thus Poets' words as *sweet* and *melting* be,
As lump of *sugar* in a cup of *tea*.—

Now, as I wish to hold some sort of place
Among this ragged, rhyming, rueful race,
And know my rhymes are sometimes sour and rough,
I was resolv'd to sweeten these enough;
I, therefore, call my hero,—*Billy Sweet;*
He keeps a grocer's shop, as trim and neat
As any other dealer in sweetmeat,—
And now, I think, I've given you a treat!—

Sweet Billy, or sweet *William*, fragrant flower!
Had long of beauty felt the piercing power!—
I should here tell you, by the bye,
I have compar'd my hero to the *flower*
Sweetwilliam, known in garden-pot and bower;
And my reason why,

Is that my style,

(Don't smile)

May pass for *flowery!*

But, enough of nonsense,

Let's now get upon sense.

Well! Billy married; was there sense in that?—
The dame was crooked, fiery, and fat;
"I took her," he would cry, and wink his eye,
"Because, being *fat* and *crook'd*, she's *gross awry!*

Year after year, with some odd days to boot;
Adown time's ever-flowing tide had tumbled,*
Since first on matrimony Billy stumbled;

* Lest Critics here should brag they've thieving caught one,
Know there's a phrase like this in Thomas Warton.

When he found out he didn't like love's fetter,
In fact, he found he lov'd his bottle better,
Than when he paid his young and ardent suit
To Mistress Sweet, once lovely Miss Molasses,
Who, since the matrimonial hour,
Instead of *keeping sweet*, turn'd cursed *sour*,
And such, I'm told, too frequently the case is.
Well! Billy had become a toping fellow,
And topers, I believe, sometimes get *mellow*;
In saying "*mellow*", I may mince the matter;—
Well, he got *drunk*, and that,
I think, is tolerably flat,
Yet, though 'tis *flat*, it proves I scorn to *flatter*.

Some folks, when fuddled, shew such boist'rous airs,
They're only fit society for bears;

Whilst others, full of whim, and fun, and frolic,
Would almost give hysterics to the cholic!
Our hero with the latter class must rank,
For he grew merrier the more he drank!

One day, bald-headed, having burnt his *jazy*,
He homeward reel'd, with wits a little mazy:—
The shop was full of customers, so he,
To prove himself a youth of gallantry,
Began their lips most lovingly to smack,
Behind "the partner of his life's" broad back;
Who, turning round, beheld the dear doves billing;
"Oh! you inconstant wretch! you knave! you villain!"
(Exclaim'd she, loud enough to stun a drummer)
"To take such liberties with ev'ry comer."

This thunder-storm, which over Billy lower'd,
And Mrs. Sweet's *sweet* temper had so *sower'd*,
Quickly subsided:
For, though as *hot* as any living,
She, to her credit, was forgiving.
Well! Billy (to make some amends
For the sad blunder,
That rais'd the thunder,)
That he and spousy might be friends,
Behind the *counter* glided:
And there his feats—his *counter-feats*
I mean,
(As shall be seen)
Renew'd the *thunder*, *sower'd* again the *sweets*,
And brought a hotter vengeance down,
And milling,

Than if he'd *counterfeited* a half-crown,
Or shilling!
For, scarcely was he settled there a *small* trice,
When Molly Melt, in *melting* heat,
A cookmaid fat, and hot, and gay,
Bounc'd in; and, though she took a *seat*,
Seem'd much inclin'd to *run* away.
"Ah, Mrs. Sweet!—dear, dear, how hot!—
"Is Mrs. Mumble in the straw?
"Miss Frisk's elop'd, they say,—O law!
"Whew! bless me! I had near forgot,
"Quick, Mrs. Sweet, I wants an ounce of *allspice*."
"Allspice? most lovely, and most fat,"
Quoth Billy, "I'll attend to that:"
He did so, with some little fumbling,
While Molly laugh'd, and Mrs. S. stood grumbling.

" There, most facetious of fat cooks! he! he!
" I think you'll own I've serv'd you cleverly."
" O, very cleverly, Sir, *but* 'fegs!
" Instead of *allspice*, you have given me *nutmegs*."
" Nutmegs! why sot! what next will you be doing?
" Such drunken blunders sure will be our ruin."
" Well, but my dear"—" I'll not hear one word more,
" Young woman, *here's* your *spice*, and *there's* the door."
" I say she shan't go."—" But she shall, I say;"
Thus the shop soon was clear'd, by "go" and "stay."
Forth flew, again the acid of her tongue,
Like prime old cyder, when it bursts the bung!
And round his hatless, wigless head came spatt'ring
Plumbs, nutmegs, sugar, books, and glasses, scatt'ring,

And seizing in her hand a lot of *mace*,
She warmly *pepper'd* him, and *clove* his face;
While he, with words of *honey*, strove to quiet
Sweet Mrs. Sweet's propensity to riot.
" Why bite those pretty beatroot lips?—Oh, fie!
" To fume and sputter so, is all my eye;
" Why scratch those cheeks, as pickled cabbage red,
" Why tear those pie-bald ringlets from thy head?
" Oh! say, but in a *winter-morning* fashion,
" *Coolly*, without a single *spice* of passion:"—
She answer'd in a winter-morning fashion,
Though not divested of a spice of passion:
For, to his cost,
For all these throws off,
She answer'd more like *Jacky Frost*,
When he would *snap* one's nose off!

"Why, drunkard! sot! self-will'd, perverse, incurable!
"Such goings on, I vow, are not endurable;
"Here do I slave, and scrape, and scratch, and scramble,
"For what you're wasting in some drunken ramble.
"Homeward you reel, no matter whose the loss is,
"Pounds are for ounces serv'd, sand is for sugar weigh'd;
"Such doings would destroy the best of trade,
"And I must patiently endure these crosses;
"And, as if all these tricks would not suffice,
"You must, forsooth, weigh *nutmegs* for *allspice*."
"Nay, lovey, there I'll prove that I am right,
"And you shall think so too, if you'll attend;
"But mind now, when convinc'd, all strife must end."

After her lips had suffer'd by a bite,
Just to help red-fac'd anger to take flight,
" Let it be so," said she, " for 'on my life,
" I'm tir'd of this *jarring*, endless strife."—
" Ah, that's a lovey, kiss me! now I'll shew
" What 'tis but proper ev'ry one should know;
" Look at those *nutmegs*, love, examine nearly,
" Now answer me this question clearly:—
" Do you see any thing *but spice* lay there?"
" No, I am beat; 'tis *all spice*, I declare."
" Thus, then, I've prov'd," cried Billy, with a snigger,
" That *nutmegs* are *allspice*, grown rather *bigger!*"

YOUNG FRANK.

THE LIVING TOMBSTONE.

A GRAVE TALE.

SOME twenty miles from London (more or less
Is immaterial, so you need not guess)
A couple dwelt in harmony,
That is, in *chords*,—
I don't mean *ropes*,
Such tropes
May *hang* in others' memory,
But I mean words,

Words of soft import, gently soothing,
Like oil the ocean's tempests smoothing.
My lady's voice would soft piano sing,
But if it touch'd the *master* string,
In double bass he grumbled;
That is, if she was too profuse,
And of his purse made too free use,
Like distant thunder, much he mumbled;
But ne'er broke out in downright swearing,
The passions into fritters tearing;
No, his were softer tones,
Not like the harsh trombone's,
Or rolling of the double drums;
Such instruments you can't endure,
Save in an Opera Overture,—
His notes were like the evening bees' soft hums.

But love, that sweet, that noble passion,
From Eve's and Adam's days in fashion;
That wings its way through scenes of bliss,
And lives in rapture on a kiss;
That flies the dreary hermit's cell,
In social intercourse to dwell,—
That is the theme I'll prove,
Shall all your tender feelings move.

My couple tasted every sweet,
When love and life thus blandly meet,
And very oft the village quoted
Their mutual love—so very noted.
They like a hand-post at a turning,
Stood to give travellers a warning,

And pointing always to the *right*,
The *wrong* was *left* and out of sight.
Thus year succeeded pleasant year,
And Time roll'd round his annual sphere.
No children had they, but they'd friends,
And *prov'd* ones may make some amends
For want of offspring;—true, they may;
But Dada loves his darling boy,
And little Miss is Mama's joy,
And these are dearer ties you'll say.
Yes, beyond doubt,
But these without,
They liv'd a comfortable life,
Till sickness seiz'd the suffering wife.
They tried and tried the doctor's skill,
Pill follow'd draught—draught follow'd pill;

Poor soul! she took them all, for much
She wish'd to recover, but vain
Was every effort, and such
The malady's increasing strength,
That nature could no more sustain;
And at length,
Her feeble frame gave way,—
That is, she died one day.
How can I tell you all the widower felt?
O! it would make each tender bosom melt,
Each eye with crying swell;
So much he suffer'd, people thought grim
Death had got a hankering after him,
He into such deep sorrow fell;
Sometimes raving—sometimes musing;
Sometimes (but not of his own chusing)

He took a little brandy, this
People thought was not amiss;
Because, when sorrow runs so high,
'Tis apt to make the suff'rer dry.—
At length came on the dreadful day,
The mourners, clad in black array,
Their friend tried to console,
But with their dismal dole
They little could assist him; no,
Too great, too poignant was his woe;
Indeed, so much was he
Afflicted with grief's agony,
That more than once he tried to throw
Himself into the grave below,
And there to lie
With his dear wife and die.

But this his friends prevented,
And after much persuasion, he consented
To go with one to London, there to have
A *Tombstone*, which he'd place upon the grave,
And on it should be carv'd, in good black letter,
Her saint-like virtues as a sample,
To other wives a fine example,
For surely never man had better!
His friend in London had a sister fair,
Who shew'd the widower much attentive care;
Oft they consulted what were best,
As Epitaph to have exprest,
Till doubts within his mind arose,
And cropp'd the cypress on his brows.—
Her worth while living was well known,—
'Twould not be *more* engrav'd on stone,—

And in a village church-yard, few
Who *look'd* at Epitaphs could *read* 'em too.—
He often thought of Adam's case,
Who having *one* rib ta'en away,
Had, on a certain day,
Another put in'ts place,
And of the two, the *second*
Might better than the *first* be reckon'd.

The lady, too, in reas'ning falter'd,
And hers to his opinion alter'd;
From *courtesy* she now gave way,
It came with better grace,
Than if the silly word *obey*,
Had taken place.
In fine, the lady gave consent:
Quick to a neighb'ring church they went,

And tied—upon my life!
The knot that made 'em man and wife!

Just the day fortnight that he left
His village of all joy bereft,
And came the saddest mourner up to town,
He took his *second wife*—a *Living Tombstone* down!

OLD FRANK.

[However improbable the foregoing Tale may appear, it is "not more strange than true."]

THE

ESSENCE OF PUNNING.

LET merciless critics decry a good pun,
And strangle the cause of much innocent fun;
Yet, though the brat's crook'd, I'm so fond of his presence,
That, by jingo! I've got him reduc'd to an essence!
Sing doodle dum, doodle dum, doodle dum, dun,
Hey cockolorum jig!—now for a pun:
If on a hearth-*rug* you should happen to slip,
Say, "the path was so *rugged*, 'twas that made "me trip."

Punning Peter, one day, like poor Yorick of yore,
Was told that the *table* he kept in a *roar;*
"Then," said Peter, "this *broken old flap* I'll not hide,
"It has *roar'd,* I suppose, 'till it *crack'd* it's old side!"
Sing doodle dum, doodle dum, doodle dum, dun,
Hey cockolorum jig!—now for a pun:
Let the Ensign go boast of his *banners* and rags,
Pooh! a Londoner ev'ry day *walks* upon *flags!*

'Tis a very *bad habit,* some folks say, to pun;
But a *bad habit,* surely, is better than *none;*
And if *wits* go *quite bare,* they're but laugh'd at for fools,
For being so silly to play with *edg'd tools.*

Sing doodle dum, doodle dum, doodle dum, dun,
Hey cockolorum jig!—now for a pun:
Sure the *felon*, uncensured, his fate may *bewail;*
When he sees only *bars*, why he surely may *rail!*

Peter Pun, at a party, one day was beset
By a jockey, who offer'd five guineas to bet,
That habit had put it quite out of his power
To remain without punning the space of an hour.
Sing doodle dum, doodle dum, doodle dum, dun,
Hey cockolorum jig!—now for a pun:
You may *quarter* the *soldier* as often as you please,
For he *lives best* in *quarters*, and most at his *ease!*

Peter thought, to this bet, he had better cry,
"done!"—
But candidly own'd, to steer clear of a pun,

He must shut close his ears, and be silent as sleep,
Or out the young urchins would certainly creep.
Sing doodle dum, doodle dum, doodle dum, dun,
Hey cockolorum jig!—now for a pun:
Once a *butcher* caught hold of a *thief* by the shank,
Recover'd his *buttock*, and gave him a *flank!*

Peter nibbled his thumbs, Peter play'd with his chin,
Resolv'd, if he could, the five guineas to win:
He walk'd to the window, he rubb'd up his locks,
He whistled—for there was a *man* in the *stocks!*
Sing doodle dum, doodle dum, doodle dum, dun,
Hey cockolorum jig!—now for *the* pun:
Peter *utter'd no sentence*, to son or to daddy,
But *whistled a ditty*, call'd—"*Through the Wood Laddie!*"

" A pun! Oh, a palpable pun!" cried the host,
" Or, if *not a pun*, it was surely *its ghost*."
" 'Twas the *essence*," cried Peter, " and aptly you
" caught it,
" For, though I *spoke not*, yet I certainly *thought* it."
Sing doodle dum, doodle dum, doodle dum, dun,
Hey cockolorum jig!—now for a pun:
This story I *carried* a *very great way*,—
It's not *carried too far*, if you wish it to stay.

YOUNG FRANK.

TIME, OR THE PUGILISTS.

A MORAL TALE.

Two Boxers long enroll'd by fame,
In *honours* such as bruisers claim,
Who having often sparr'd and fought,
And many a hardy victory bought,
By thumps, black-eyes, and knock-down blows,
Eke broken head and bloody nose;
At length, like other heroes great,
That can control each humble state,

And keep the peaceful rogues in awe,
By what the vulgar call *club-law*,
Agreed, through friends, they should contest,
Which of themselves could fight the best.
Ambassadors went forth to treat,
Each Champion's council sage to greet;
Not with intent to offer peace,
And bid the sanguine passions cease;
No;—they the bruising art admir'd,
Were with the glorious contest fir'd:
Therefore, they wider made the breach,
Convey'd in threats, from each to each.

At length these sage Ambassadors
Arrang'd all matters by the laws—
By *pugilistic laws*, I mean,
Such as apply to fighting men;

For war, in every various scene,
Where blood and slaughter intervene,
Pays, or, at least, appears to pay
Respect to what it does away.
Thus, when a tyrant conqu'ror seizes
Some state his fell ambition pleases,
He says they had infring'd the *law*,
And holds them bound by right of war.
The Dutch, th' Italians, and the Swiss,
Severely feel the truth of this.—
Heaven guard our happy Isle! may we
From Conquerors' *laws* be ever free!

At length all matters are agreed,
The Combatants, in form, proceed
To fam'd Olympus or Eleusis,
Which ever name the reader chooses;

Yet think not they such ninnies prove,
Merely to fight for downright love;
No;—money, money is the prize,
To pay for bruises and black-eyes.
The scientific gulls profound,
In close cabal are plac'd around.

Now hands they shake, and now set-to,
To please the motley, mongrel crew.
A round is fought, and then another,
The odds run high on this and t'other;
Murmurs, and shouts, and loud huzzas,
Sound forth each batter'd hero's praise;
But still, obedient to the *laws*,
'Twixt ev'ry round there is a pause.—
"Time!" cries a voice,—again they fight,
Besmear'd and bruis'd, a hideous sight!

Round after round with mix'd applause
Goes on, and "*time*" ends every pause.

Time, call'd so oft, at length appears,
A goodly sage, though worn with years;
At sight of him each savage started,
And growling, would have thence departed:
Enchantment fixes them; they stand,
And trembling, view the glass in's hand;
While prostrate, panting on the ground,
The Boxers by the spell are bound.—
He speaks. "What would ye, knaves and fools,
"Who thus disturb my peaceful rules?
"Say, titled idlers, what have you
"Among this motley group to do?
"Within St. Stephen's echoing walls,
"The Senate for your service calls;

" Your Country, too, demands your aid,
" There let your prowess be display'd;
" Great Nelson your example be,
" And ride triumphant on the sea!
" Or if you fights prefer by land,
" March under Wellington's command;
" And let the foes of Britain know,
" What to your native land you owe!—
" For you, ye sots, that mingled round,
" In murm'ring laziness are found,—
" Go to your sev'ral homes, and there
" Let your starv'd offspring be your care;
" Work,—shew your industry and love,
" And thus to *Time* your value prove!—
" You, bleeding mastiffs, who have now
" No power to urge the angry blow;

" Yet whose hard hearts still burn with rage,
" In the fierce conflict to engage;
" On you is vainly spent my breath—
" Behold, how near the victor—*Death;*
" See ready his uplifted dart,
" To pierce each bleeding bravo's heart."

This said, his garment opening wide,
Discover'd *Death* close at his side;
Their fear he saw—the spell unbound,
And each prepar'd to quit the ground;
In haste, the late exulting crew,
Peers, Boxers, Mob, and all withdrew.

OLD FRANK.

THE SALAMANDER;

OR

John Scrag and Peggy Griskin.

A COCKNEY DITTY.

COME, girls and boys, and men and *vomen*,
I've a doleful tale to tell,
Will set your eyes with salt tears swimming,
And make your *buzums* for to swell!
And it's all about a Salamander,
See what *time* will bring to *light*.

John Scrag had long lov'd Peggy Griskin;
The flame his heart did sorely scorch;
When suddenly he found that *his* skin
Was as black as any torch!
And it's all, &c.

To Peggy Griskin then he go did;
"Oh, Peg!" says he, "I feel as if
"*Vith* squibs and brimstone I *vas* loaded;
"If you doubt it, take a sniff!"
And it's all, &c.

"Oh, Peggy! I have courted you, now
"*Seven* long years this *very* day."
"Oh, law!" says she, don't look so blue, now,
"Or I shall surely faint *avay*."
And it's all, &c.

" Oh! take compassion on my bowels,

" Consent to be John Scrag his *vife;*

" Oh! roll me in some nice *vet* towels,

" And *kill* my Salamander's *life.*"

And it's all, &c.

" I'd sooner jump out of the *vinder,*"

Quoth Peggy, " than *vith* you I'd *ved;*

" I should be *burnt* up to a *cinder,*

" And leave my *ashes* in the bed."

And it's all, &c.

Vith that, he squeak'd, and did exclaim out,

" Sweet Salamander, *don't be* rash!

" Oh! Peg! Peg! Peg! put, put the flame out!"

Vith that he *wanish'd* in a flash!

And it's all, &c.

Vhen Peggy Griskin go to rest did,
She dreamt the poker was red-hot;
And direful phantoms her infested,
Sich as never could be not.
And it's all, &c.

Still, still, she saw the red-hot poker,
And thought John thrust it through her ribs;
" Oh, lard!" she squall'd, and that awoke her,
" My heart feels full of hissing squibs."
And it's all, &c.

She look'd, and there she saw John's spectre;
The Salamander near him stood;
And she *ax'd* John's spectre to *pertect* her;
Says he, " I *vou'dn't*, if I could."
And it's all, &c.

" That *Salamander* is *my heart*, Peg,

" Kept by *you* in *flame* so long;

" And, never will it from you part, Peg,

" Amen!—Presto!—Bo!—Ding dong!"

And it's all, &c.

The Salamander, then it grinn'd, ah!

And seiz'd her round the waist so fair,

And hugg'd her 'till she was a *cinder*,

And only left her *ashes* there.

And it's all, &c.

MORAL.

Then lovers, never so long tarry;

You see the danger of delay:

If you'd quench your flames—why marry!

And the Salamander'll keep away

And that's all, &c.

YOUNG FRANK.

EPIGRAM.

Old Maids in Hell, 'tis said, lead apes,
It may be true—but tarry—
They're Bachelors that fill those shapes,
Because they did not marry.

OLD FRANK.

EPIGRAM.

When the old proverb first to man was given,
"That marriages are solemniz'd in Heaven,"
Perhaps it might be so, I cannot tell,
Now, I should think, that some are made in *Hell!*

OLD FRANK.

EPIGRAM.

" Pray does one *More*, a lawyer, live hard by?"—
" I do not know of one," was the reply;
" But if *one less* were living, I am sure,
" Mankind his absence safely might endure."

OLD FRANK.

THE END.

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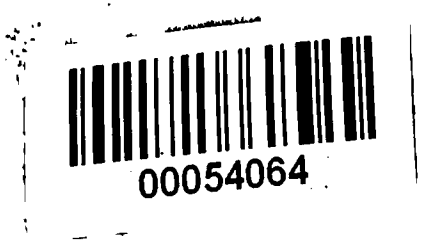
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